



HANNA AND BARBERA'S

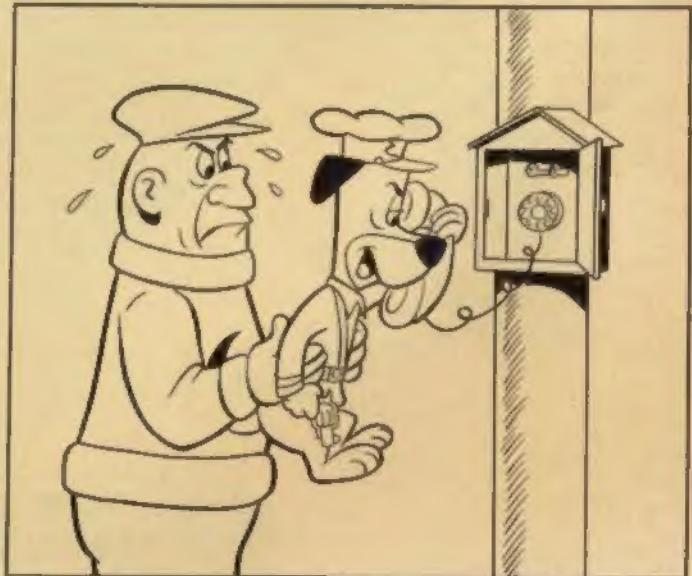
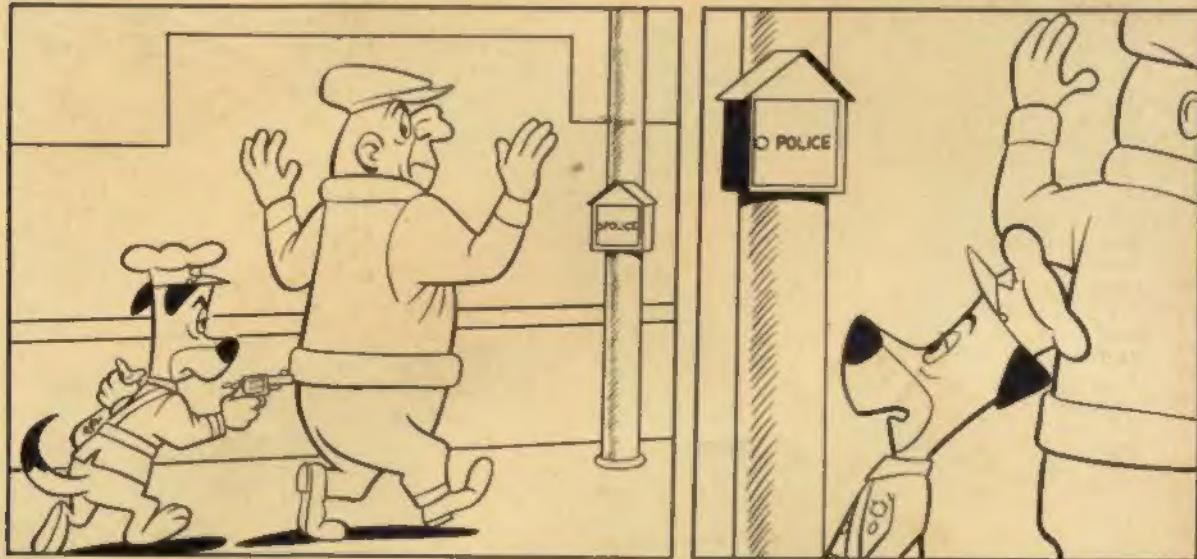
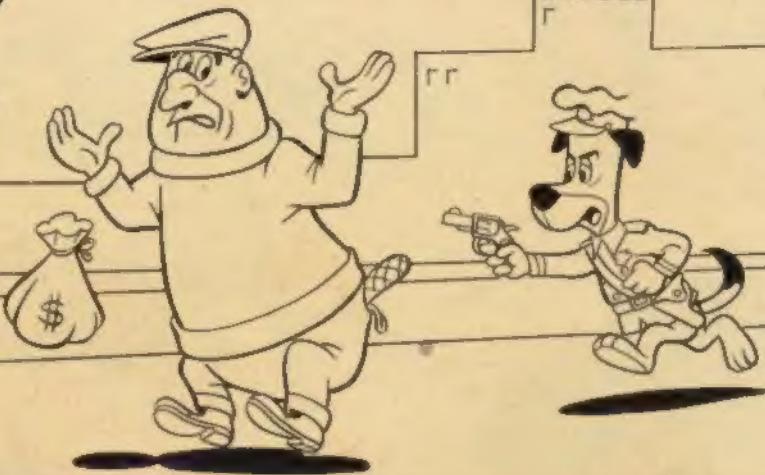
Huckleberry Hound



APRIL

Huckleberry Hound

THE HOLDUP



Huckleberry Hound AUTOGRAPH HOUND



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, No. 15, Mar.-Apr., 1962. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold F. Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions \$0c per year. Subscriptions in Canada \$1.15 per year; Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.40 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



Nobody is safe...that is, Huck goes on to gather more and more autographs . . .



HUCKLEBERRY EVEN GETS THE AUTOGRAPH OF THAT FAMOUS ANTSOCIAL ADVENTURER, BANG-BANG MCBUCK...

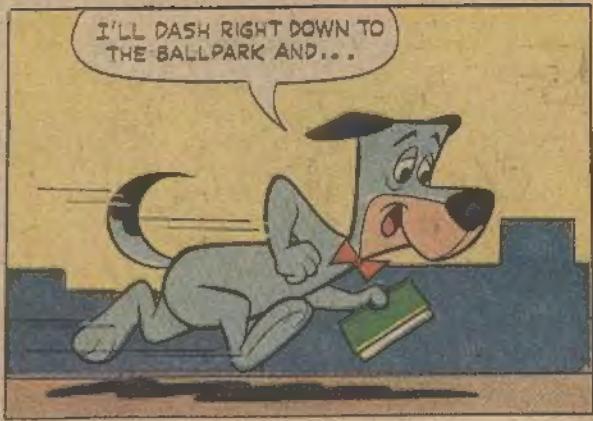


AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, TOO . . .



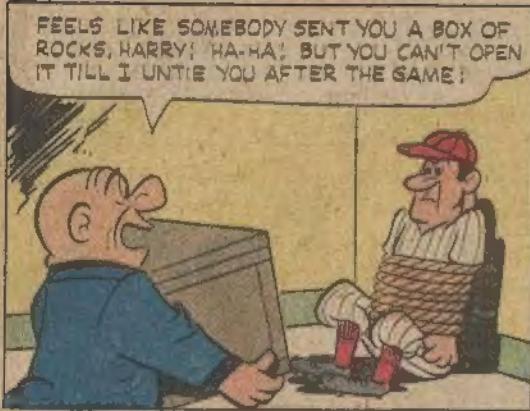
So, through constant vigilance, Huck holds his title as president of the Autograph Hounds' Club . . .







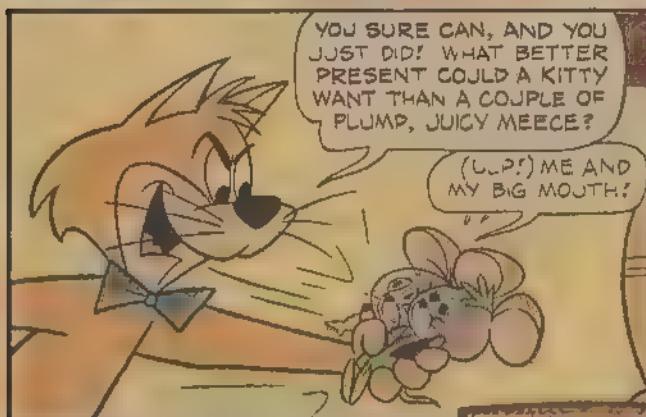
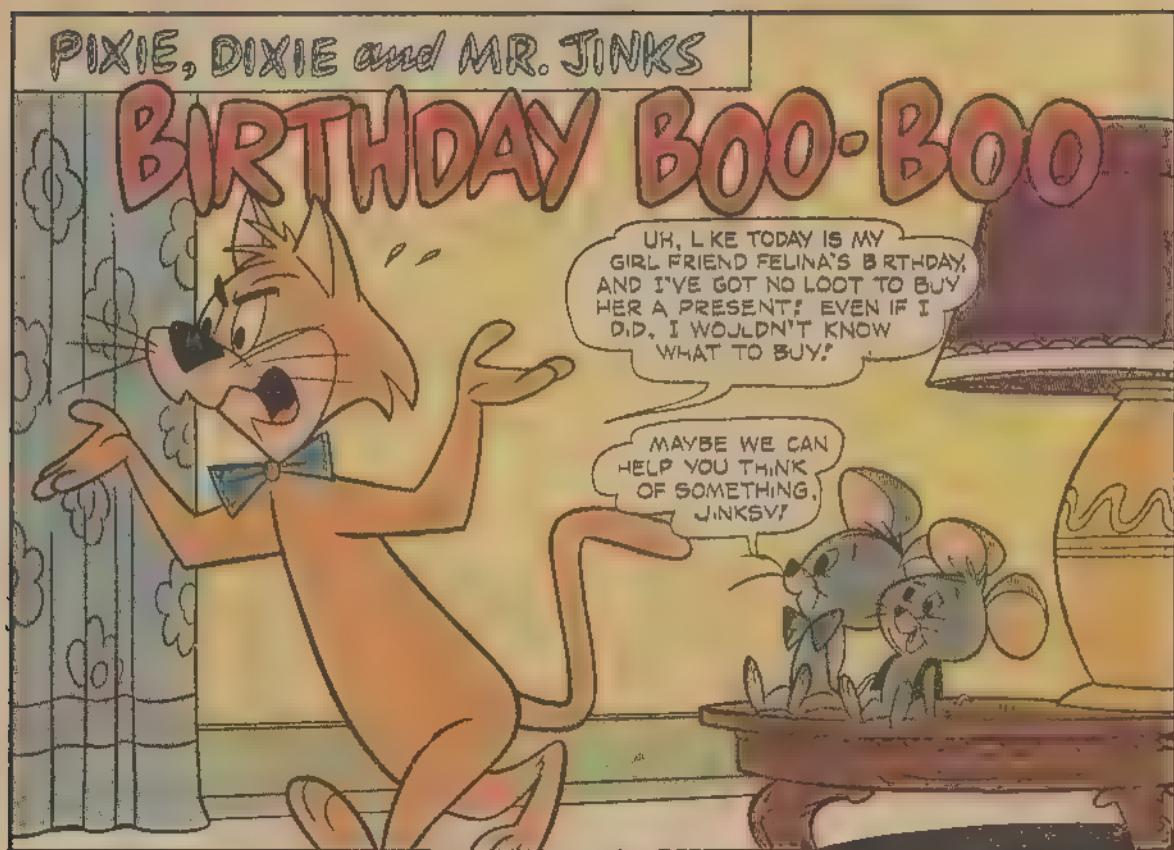




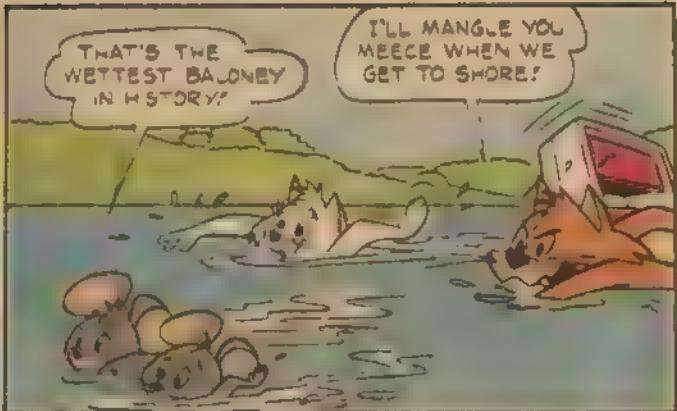


PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

BIRTHDAY BOO-BOO





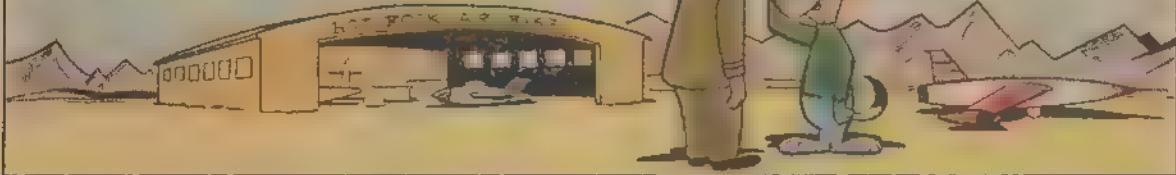




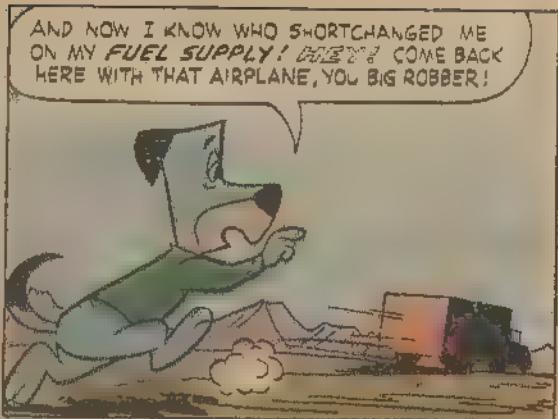
Huckleberry Hound THE GREAT PLANE ROBBERY

ARE YOU ALL SET,
TEST PILOT
HUCKLEBERRY?

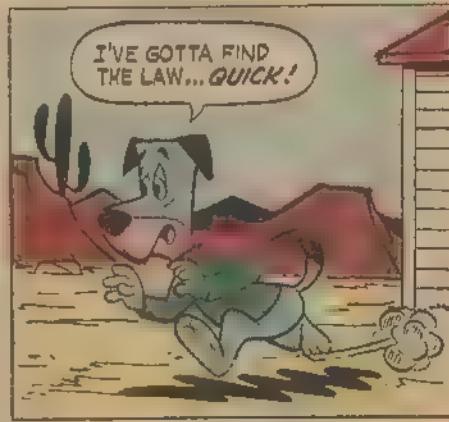
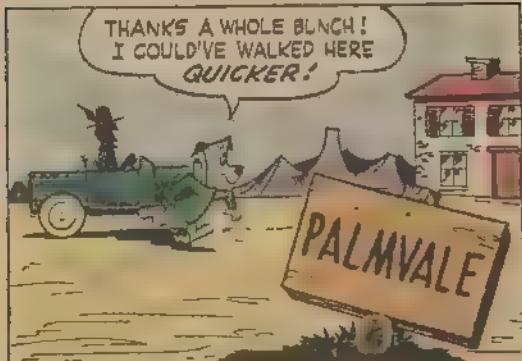
JUST AS SOON AS
I LOAD UP W TH
FUEL, COLONEL!







THREE HOURS AND FIVE FLATS LATER...



PACKY JOINS THE CIRCUS



Packy, the forgetful little elephant, was nibbling some tender shoots, when he heard sounds of singing on the jungle trail:

"What could that be about?" he wondered.

Just then, a group of animals popped into view. In the lead was Butterball, a chubby baby tiger. Behind him were a zebra, a baby rhinoceros, and a grinning crocodile.

"Where are you going?" asked Packy.

"We're off to join the circus," replied Butterball. "If we join up, we get three meals a day, a nice place to sleep, and think of the popularity... we'll be famous."

"Wow!" cried Packy enthusiastically. "Wow! That's for me. Can I come along?"

"Sure," all the animals cried.

So off they ran, for miles it seemed, until finally, they came to a large tent with a sign that read, "Circus Arena."

A smiling man, with a top hat and a big black mustache was standing just inside the tent. He invited them to come in.

The minute they were in the tent, he pulled a long whip from behind his back and cracked it over their heads.

"Get moving! Into that cage over there," he cried, cracking his whip again.

After they were in the cage, he chuckled. "Heh, heh! You foolish animals think you'll find a soft life at the circus. Well, you don't know Sam Sinister and his rules."

With that, he strolled away.

"Oh, my," moaned Packy. "I don't think I'm going to like circus life."

"And look at the animals in the other cages," said Butterball. "They look so sad."

Sure enough, all around them, in cages just like theirs, stood groups of animals, heads hanging droopily, eyes sad.

"We have to get out of here," Butterball

wailed loudly..

"Yeah," chorused the others, "but how?"

Packy began to think... after a bit, he brightened. He had remembered something.

Soon, the circus man, who had called himself Sam Sinister, came back.

"All right, you animals, let's see what kind of tricks you can do. You there, the little elephant... on your feet!" he yelled.

Packy stirred a little, then he began to cough. Sam Sinister cracked his whip over Packy's head, but Packy continued to cough.

"Maybe some water will fix you up," said the circus man, taking a bucket of water from a tank and offering it to Packy. "But that's all you're getting out of me until you learn to do some tricks."

Packy dipped his trunk into the water bucket. SLUURRPP! The water was all gone. Packy then tilted his head back, took a deep breath, and sprayed the whole bucket of water directly into Sam Sinister's face.

"SPLUT! GASP! GLURB!" cried Sam Sinister, who was knocked off balance by the force of the water. He fell to the ground, trying to wipe the water out of his eyes.

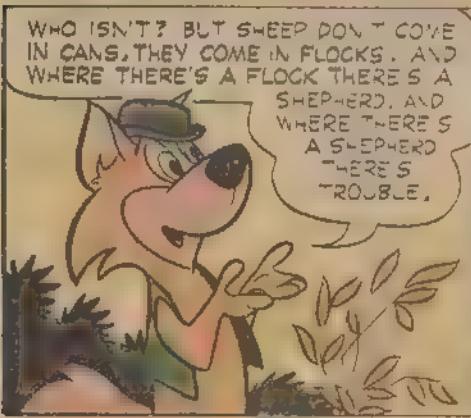
Packy and his friends scattered, running from cage to cage, freeing the trapped animals. When the job was done, the freed animals raced from the tent and headed home.

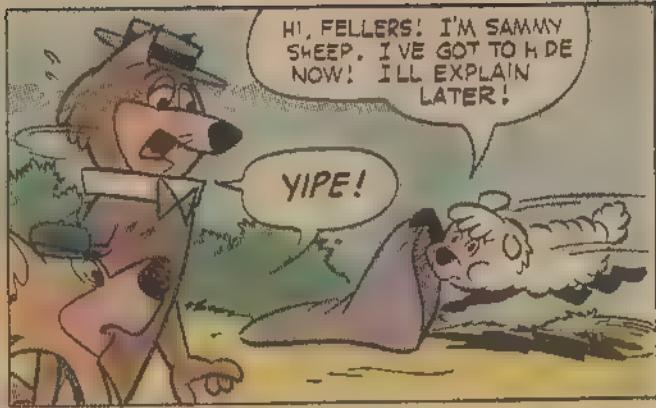
"Hooray for Packy, our hero," they sang, when they were well away from the circus arena. "Three cheers for Packy."

"That was a close one... too close," said Packy. "For a while I thought I'd forgotten everything my mother ever taught me, but suddenly I remembered that elephants have a trunk of tricks they can use when they are caught in a tight spot."

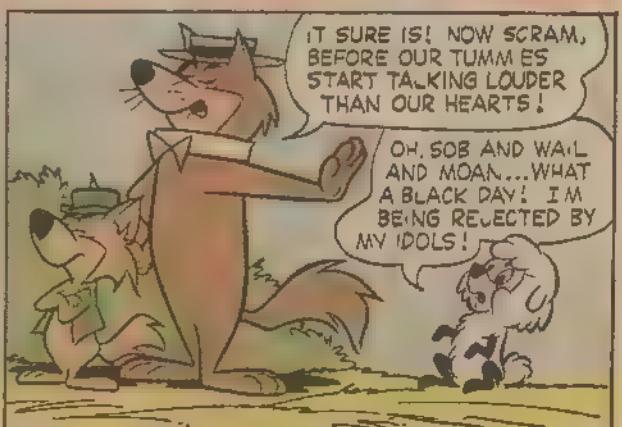
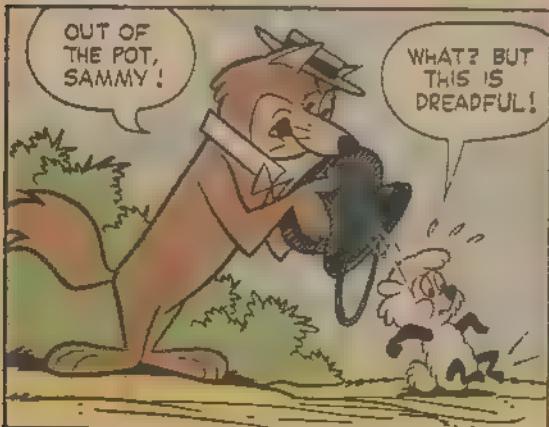
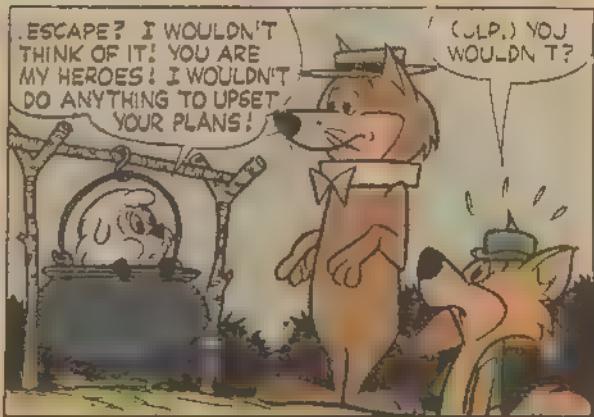
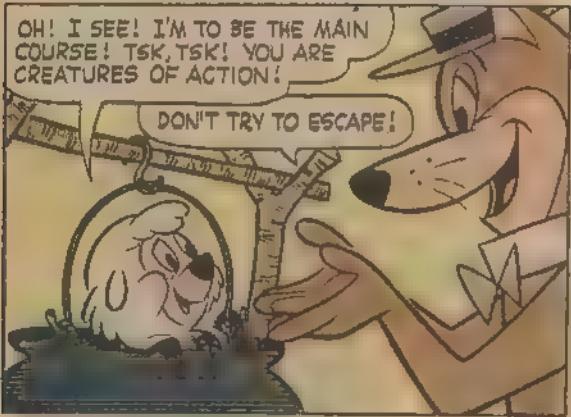
HOKEY and DING-A-LING

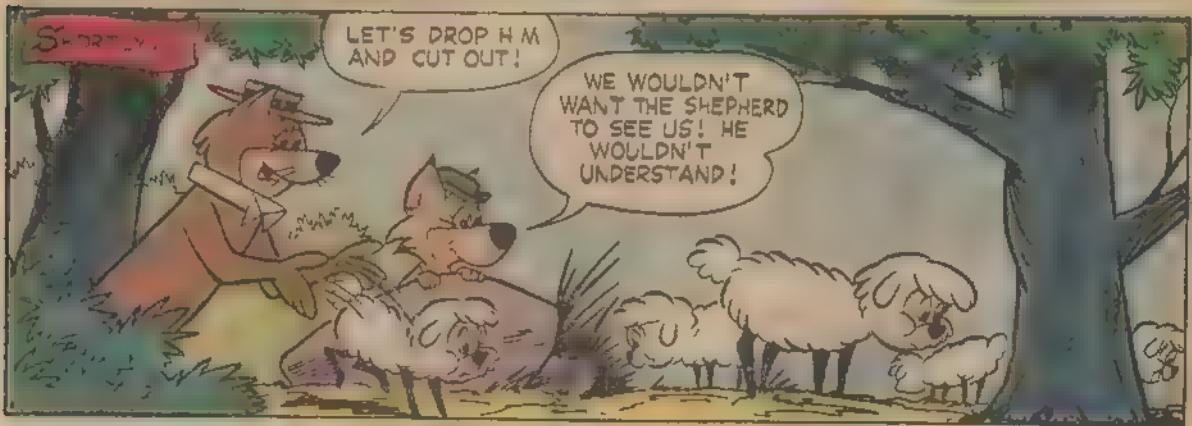
RUN, SHEEP, RUN

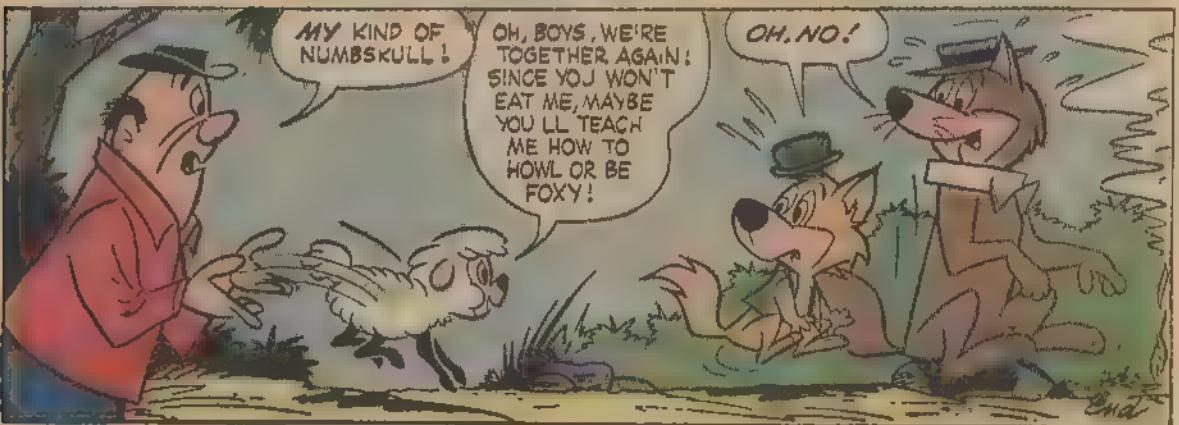
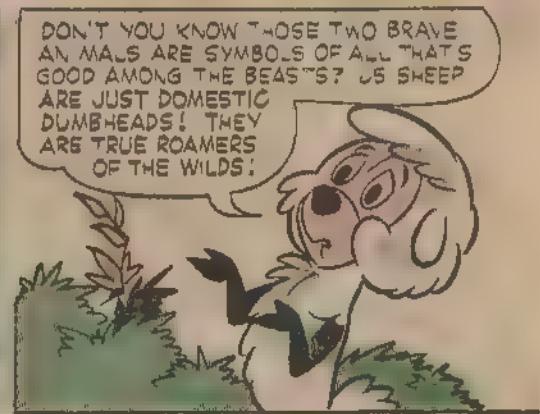






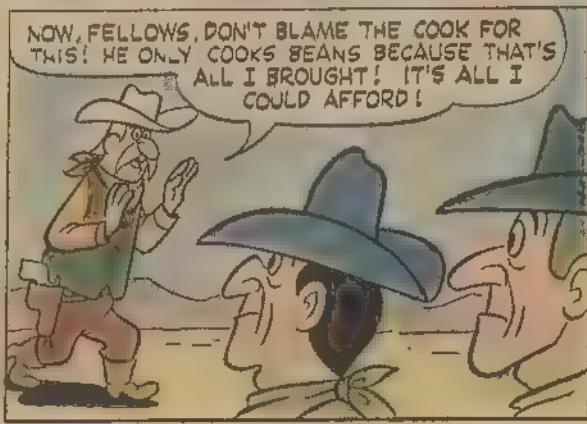
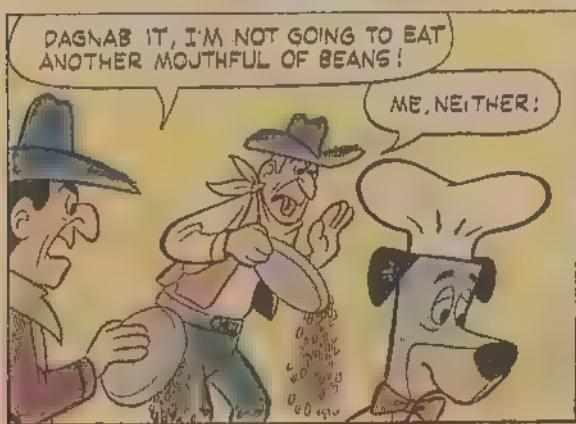
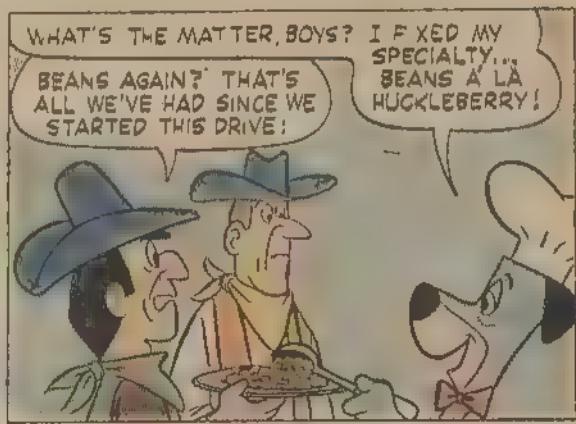
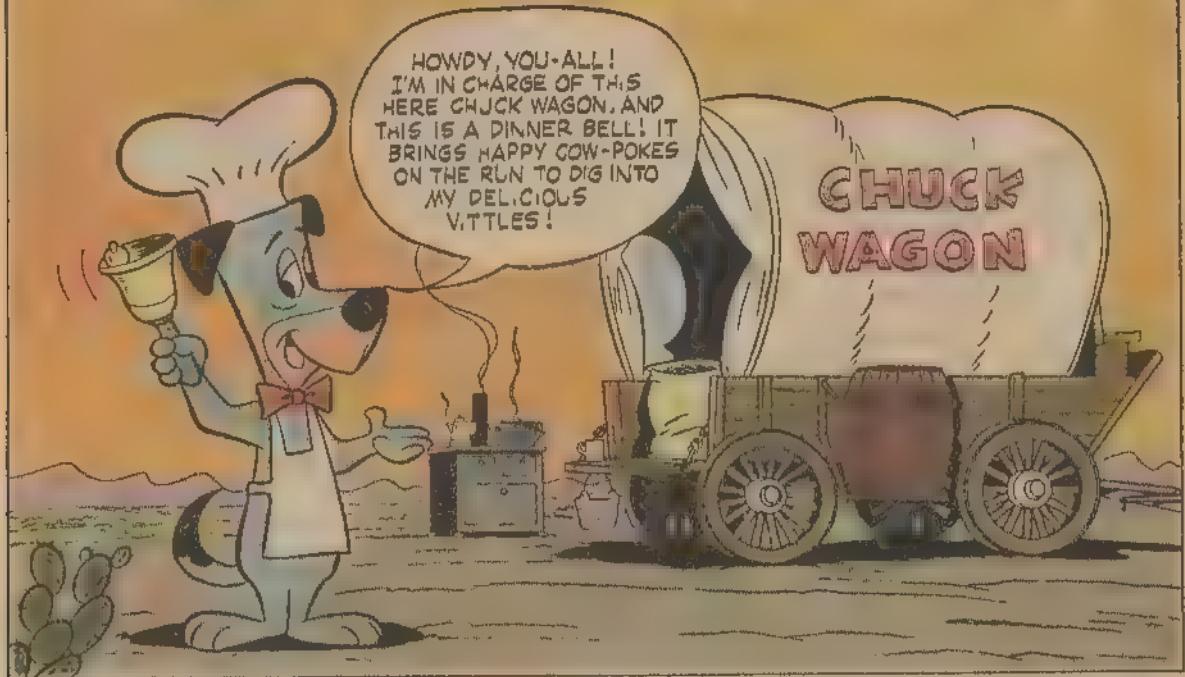




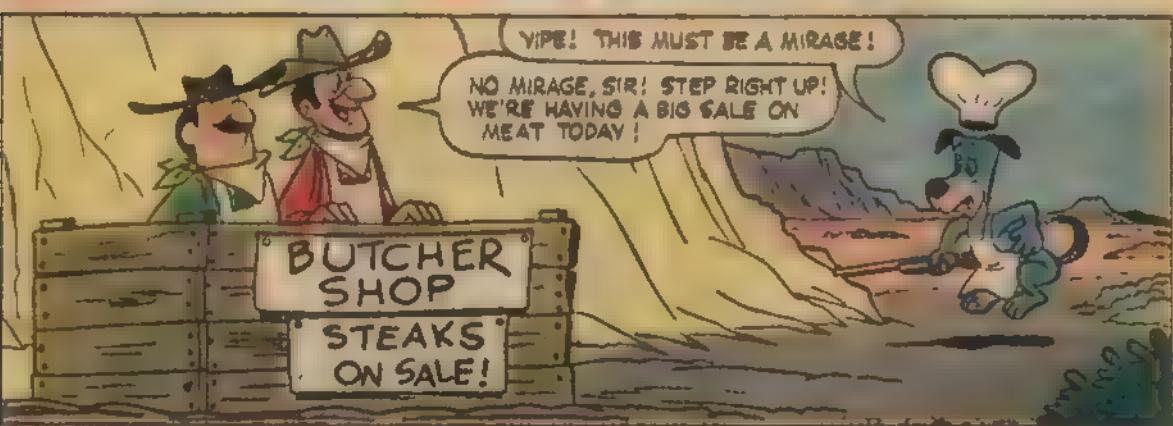
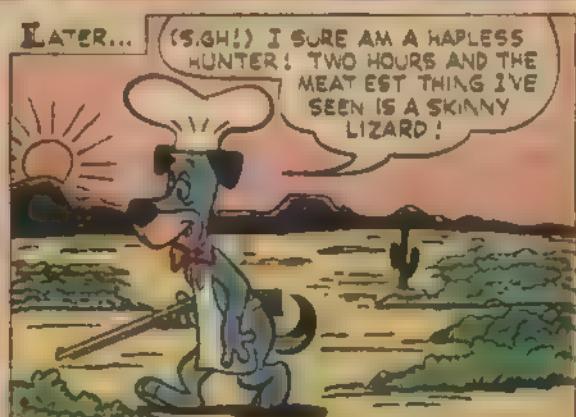
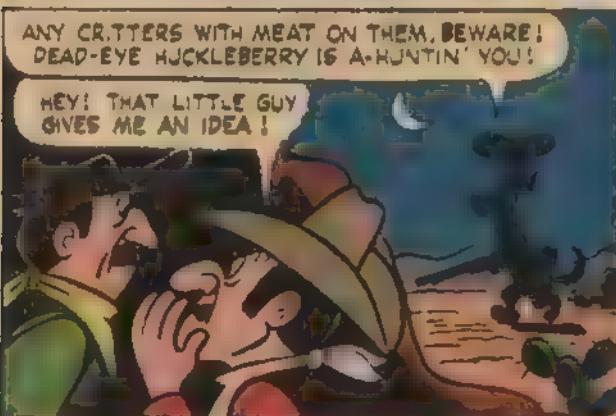


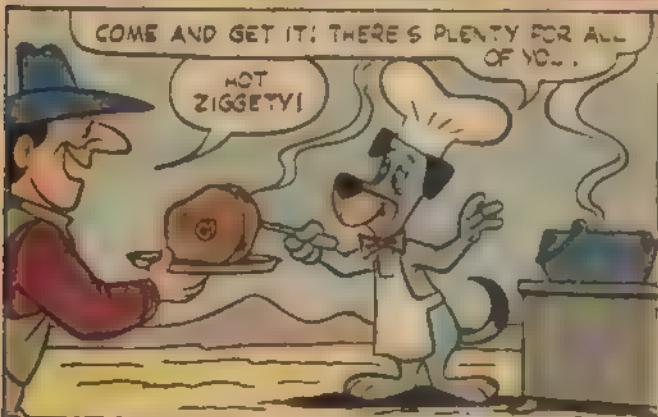
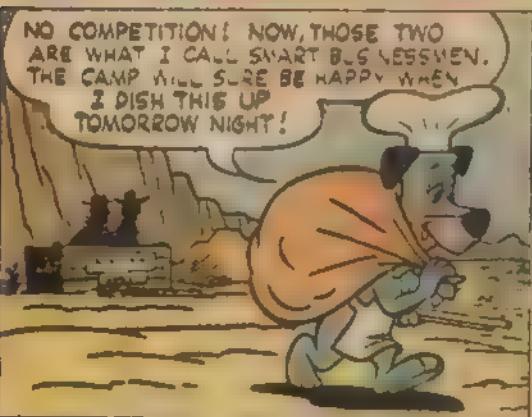
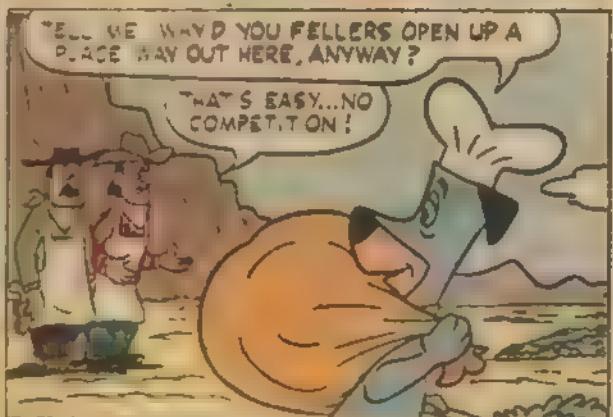
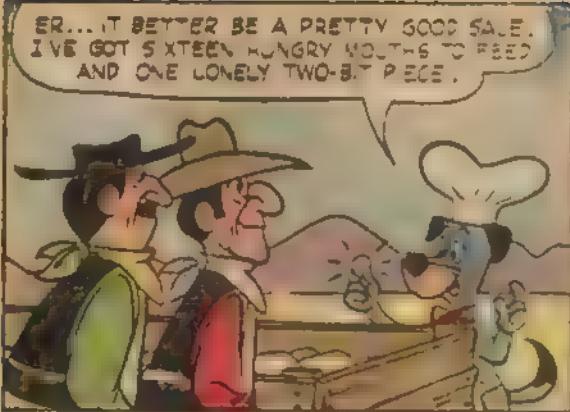
Huckleberry Hound

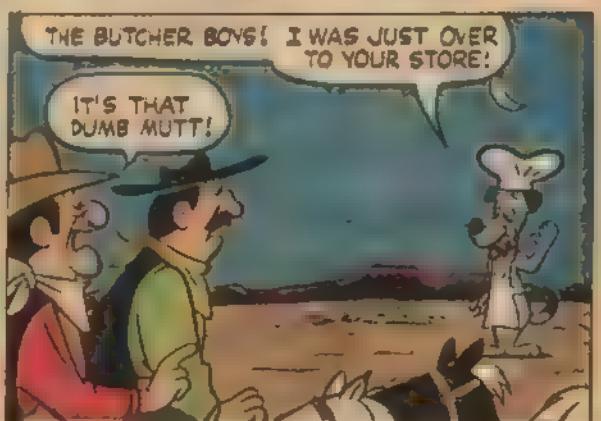
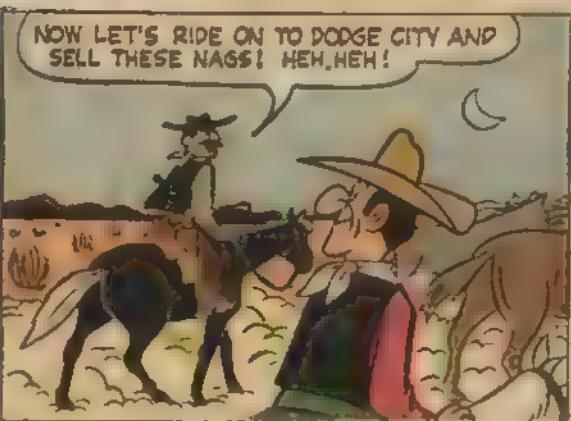
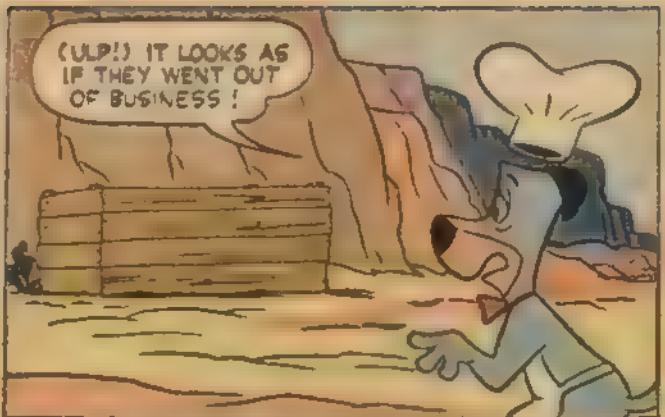
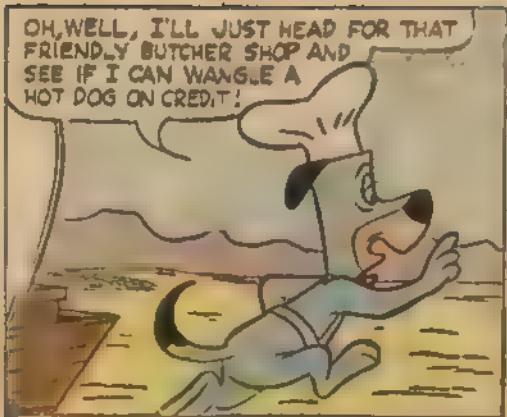
ON THE TRAIL











BY AND BY...

I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL PLUG H.M.
IT'S A LONG HAUL TO DODGE CITY, AND
WE CAN'T LEAVE H.M TO TELL TALES!

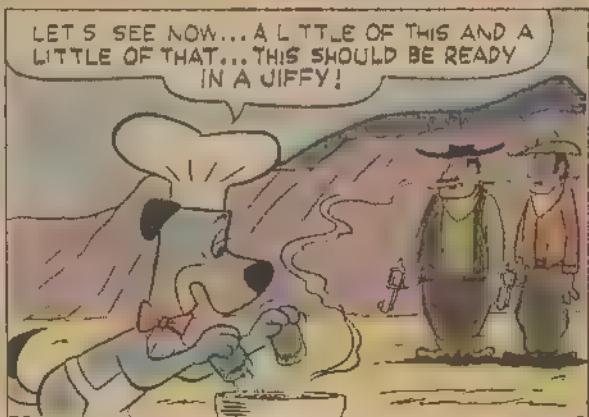
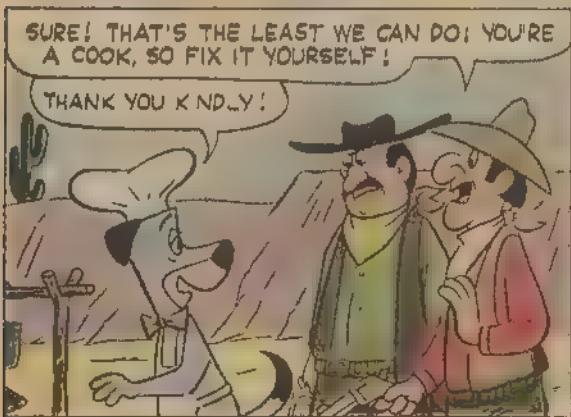
GEE, FELLERS, I STILL DIDN'T
GET ANY DINNER! CAN'T I
HAVE A LAST MEAL?



SURE! THAT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO! YOU'RE
A COOK, SO FIX IT YOURSELF!

THANK YOU KINDLY!

LET'S SEE NOW... A LITTLE OF THIS AND A
LITTLE OF THAT... THIS SHOULD BE READY
IN A JIFFY!



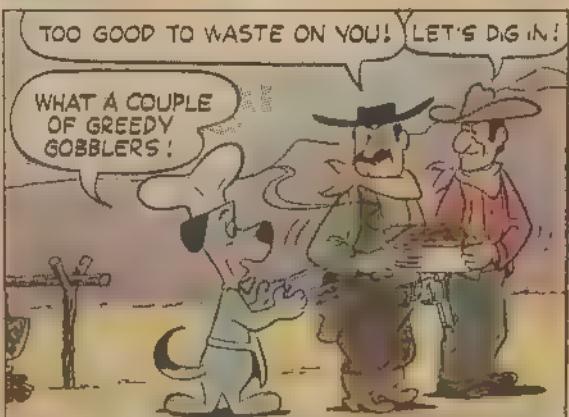
MINUTES
LATER...

YUMMY!
HERE
GOES!

SAY, THAT SMELLS
PRETTY GOOD!

TOO GOOD TO WASTE ON YOU! LET'S DIG IN!

WHAT A COUPLE
OF GREEDY
GOBBERS!



MUNCH! MUNCH!
SLURP!

YEOWWW! THAT'S HOT!!





STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF *Huckleberry Hound* published bi-monthly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Managing editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities

are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 555,548.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER,
Business Manager

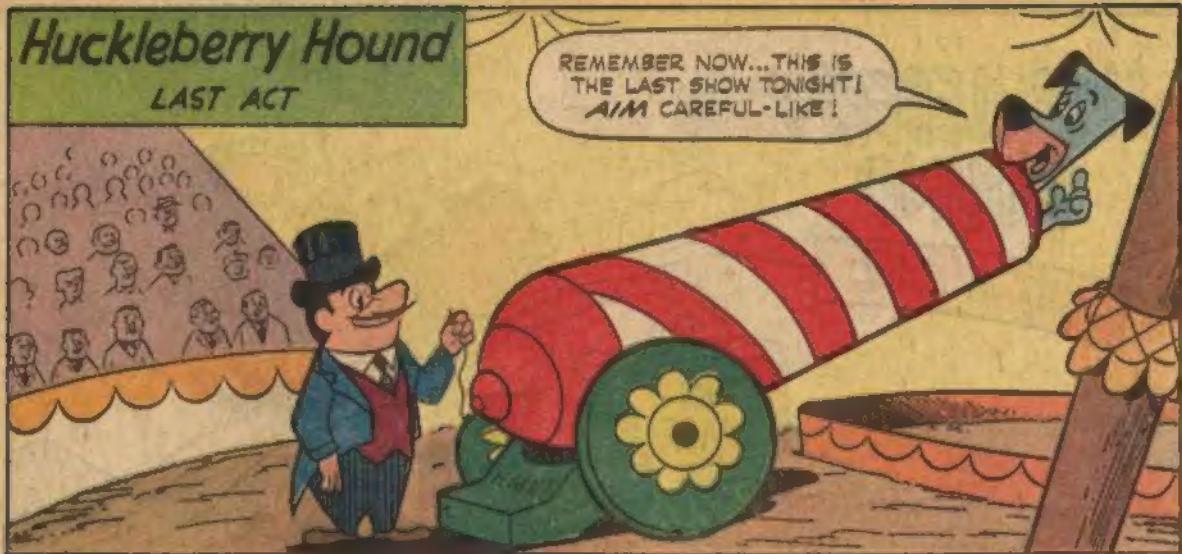
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1962)

Huckleberry Hound

LAST ACT

REMEMBER NOW... THIS IS
THE LAST SHOW TONIGHT!
AIM CAREFUL-LIKE!



I SHORE 'NUFF CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO GET HOME TO BED!

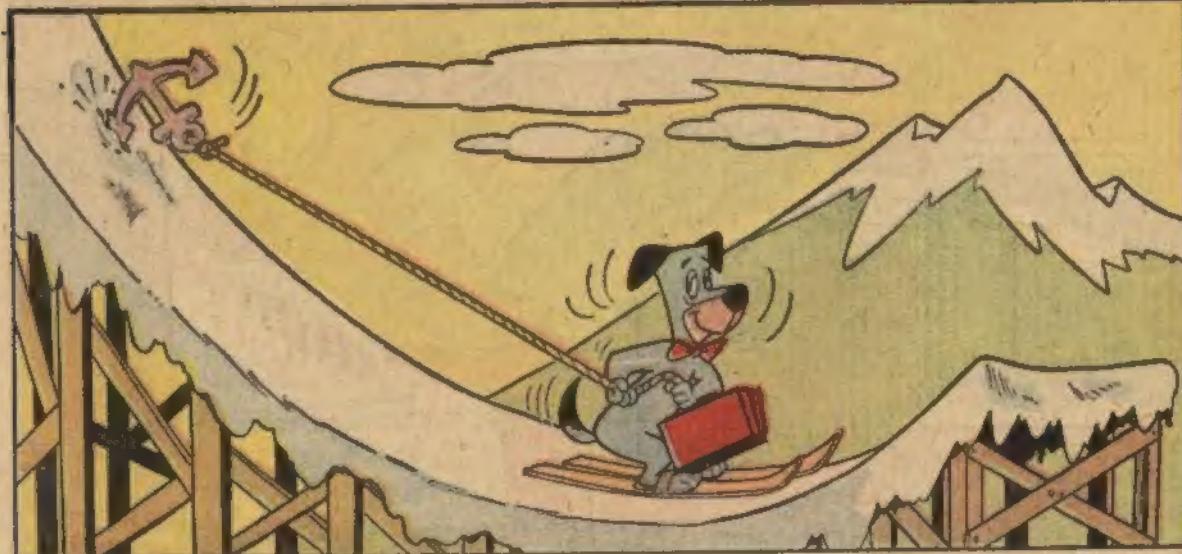
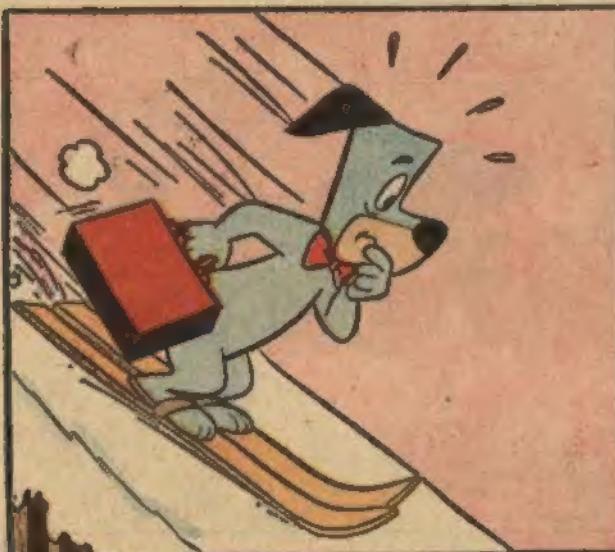


NICE SHOT!



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

JUST IN CASE



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

BEHIND THE SCENE

